

Norwich Bulletin and Courier.

113 YEARS OLD.

Entered at the Postoffice at Norwich, Conn., as second-class matter, March 10, 1896.
 Telephone Calls:
 Bulletin Business Office, 410.
 Bulletin Editorial Office, 31-2.
 Bulletin Job Office, 21-4.
 Williamette Office, Room 3, Murray Building. Telephone, 210.
 Norwich, Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1909.

The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 4,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 500 houses. In Putnam and Danielson to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily. Eastern Connecticut has forty-five towns, one hundred and sixty-five post office districts and forty-one rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average.....	4,412
1905, average.....	5,920
1906, average.....	6,559
1907, average.....	7,179
1908, average.....	7,543
Sept. 4.....	7,767

THE BULLETIN'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK.

It is not surprising that a great deal of interest is felt in the pictures which are to be a feature of the 25th anniversary Jubilee book—what they are to be and what they are to represent. Portraits of the officers and chairmen of committees and the guests of the city will number a score or two and then there will be photographs of the decorated streets, the parade, the performances and objects of special interest. It is expected, will make about 50 pages. Where there are large assemblages of people the pictures will be made large enough to make the identification of citizens possible. There are quite a number of these photographs which will be given a full page.

It is the purpose of The Bulletin to make this book so attractive that it will be in prompt demand when it appears in December for delivery. The Bulletin has had submitted to it for examination about 200 photographs already, and expects to have others submitted.

The letterpress and the illustrations will represent the best part of the anniversary celebration, and the book will be prized for its accuracy and value by Norwich people everywhere. Order books on the coupon to be found in The Bulletin's advertising columns.

THE POSTOFFICE DEFICIT.

The postal deficit of \$20,000,000 last year shows that there is a rare chance to improve this great public service by cutting out unbusinesslike methods and doing business with a view of making accounts balance. There are too many people who think it is legitimate to bleed the postoffice department to death. It would be interesting to know how many thousands of tons of mail matter are hauled free that the railroads have to be paid for. A shortage of \$50,000 a day, Sundays not excepted, is too much, and it is not surprising that President Taft does not like it, or that Postmaster General Hitchcock is resolved to exert all his business ability to stop the leak. The registration of letters below actual costs is said to be accountable for \$300,000 of the loss, and it is hinted that the money order service is responsible for some of it. Franked matter is responsible for much more. It is a difficult task to inaugurate economies here that will accomplish the purpose, but the people hope Mr. Hitchcock will succeed in his endeavor.

HOW WOMAN IS SPREADING HERSELF.

Most of us are not aware of how woman has broadened her sphere in the past half century. The home and the school house are far from being sufficient to meet the requirements of her genius. In this day she dares venture anywhere man does. At a meeting of universal suffragists in New York, recently, a lecturer stated that: The plumbing trade is followed by 128 women in the United States. The dental profession is graced by 735 others. More than 1,000 are architects and builders. More than 3,300 are in the pulpit. The law profession is followed by 2,010. Five hundred and forty-five are carpenters. Eighty-four are stationary engineers. One hundred and sixty-seven are masons. One hundred and ninety-three do blacksmithing for a livelihood. More than 1,500 work in mines. Undertaking is performed by 323 women. They are running farms and factories and mines and bakeries and printing shops in all parts of the globe. The women who are merely ornamental are growing less in number every year. The world needs workers more than it needs ornaments.

No Lad is to be Found Who is Glad because school is about to be opened, but the glad parent is everywhere in evidence.

THE END OF SUMMER.

It may be said of 1909 that we are nearing the end of a summer that never had a good beginning and lacked the chief essentials of a good season. It has been a summer which has been referred to as being singular. It has not been just like any other summer in the memory of man. There has not been a dryer summer hereabouts for forty-three years, and we certainly hope that there will be no duplicate of it for forty-three years more. September is acting in a way which indicates an early black frost; but the black frost will be the end of the gardens, likely, and the beginning of seven weeks of the kind of bright and growing weather which we should have had in July and August.

The summer resorts are all closing and the schools and colleges opening, and the ways of business are becoming normal, and with the line storm about the 20th the astronomers and almanac makers will declare the season at an end. It will make no difference how much like June October is, or how mild the weather remains until mid-November—the summer has made its record and left us in rather regrettable condition for winter subsistence.

THE ONLOOKERS.

The people who should be married, but are not, are invited by a Philadelphia paper to tell why they are not for a series of prizes offered. It is heard that from a large number of them. There is one thing patent—they all cherish a hope. The bar to matrimony seems to be conditions over which they have no control. Few of them complain that they have not the inclination, passion, or love, and are not that they have not the ability to enter upon a matrimonial venture. There are quite as many ifs and ands mixed up in these replies as reasons why. Some, of course, find such pleasure in their occupations that they do not care to seek it elsewhere; and some are conscious of having and enjoying homes better than they can provide for another. There seems to be a general opinion that love cannot stand alone—that it needs a lot of coin to stand on. These onlookers would do better if they would forget mathematics and dive in. Cold calculations never yet promoted matrimony. Matrimony that looks like foolhardiness at the start has sometimes won a halo in the end. The peculiar fact is that those married would be sorely tried were they compelled to give a good reason how they came to do it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

September insists upon a cool introduction, anyhow.

The frost was on the pumpkin in eastern Connecticut on Sunday night.

Happy thought for today: What we haven't got we do not have to be thankful for.

The real Brenner cent is now worth eight cents each. Condemnation pays good dividends.

Having learned the way, Dr. Cook may let himself as an aeroplane pilot in the near future.

The Galveston News issued a 44-page edition on September 1st. Another sign of genuine prosperity.

When Dr. Cook decided to do things in the winter, he won the game. The old error has been clearly shown up.

It is now believed the antics of the joy riders result from a mistaken notion that they are running flying machines instead of automobiles.

The automobile manufacturers can't get all the skilled labor they need. There is opportunity for good workmen everywhere.

The man who sues because of the alienated affections of his wife would not know of their value if he did not have a rich enemy.

The little red school house has got to come up to date. It must teach more than the "three R's" in future, as that doesn't fill the bill.

Wellman's dash is so fresh in the minds of the people that he does not care to express an opinion upon the dash of Dr. Cook.

The traveling American school teacher is a source of revenue and hope to the steamship lines in summer.

England does not join in the welcome to Dr. Cook. It will have to wait when there is no more room for doubt.

If Mr. Rockefeller could make Heaven as sure for himself as he has Standard Oil, he would have reason to be satisfied.

If the discovery of the North pole is of such little importance, what have men been sacrificing time, money and lives for in a search for it covering four centuries?

Here is the no-breakfast fad old enough to wear whiskers and excite the medical fraternity of New Zealand, and it is referred to in Philadelphia as a new thing!

Thirty thousand square miles of territory on top of the world does not amount to much, says the state department. That depends upon how much land there is in it!

An Ohio bachelor ventures to write a book upon the proper training of children. Until he understands the singing of the midnight lullaby and the various uses of pargoric he should remain silent.

Much Cooler in Peking. Ex-Vice President Fairbanks has got to Peking on his journey around the world.—Boston Globe.

Must Be Money in It. Some people play golf, but John D. Rockefeller seems to make a business of it.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Hero Medal for Somebody. Jeff Davis of Arkansas must be a victim of foul play. He hasn't been making any foolish noises recently.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Missing Ones. The Roosevelt trophies to be housed in Washington do not include a lot of scalps that he collected before going abroad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Encouraging President. Mr. Harriman should not despair. No man ever had a worse stomach than John D. Rockefeller, and look at him now.—Los Angeles Times.

New Signs Needed. It begins to look as if it might be possible in a few days of aeroplanes to change the signs of the zodiac. "Keep Off the Trees"—Springfield Republican.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY STORY

PROGRESSIVE AFFAIR

Marjorie was a pretty girl. Now, just as water runs down hill unalterably, so will pretty girls be discovered by wandering youths, and Teddy was extremely bored with life, anyway, when his eyes first fell upon her. Therefore, his case was extremely severe.

He grabbed the young man just coming out of the door of the summer hotel and almost choked, such was his emotion. "Who is he? Who is he?" he cried. "That's Marjorie Whitcomb," said the detained young man. "She lives farther down the lake."

"Well, she can have me," said Teddy, as he watched her approach the hotel.

That was the acme of praise from him. He straightened his tie nervously as he passed him. There was a good deal of excuse for his excitement. Marjorie Whitcomb had curly, butter-colored hair, brown eyes with evenly penciled brows, a complexion that defied tan and sunburn. Moreover, she walked like a young goddess and, as a goddess, was not to be trifled with.

Fifteen minutes later Teddy was bowing before her and ten minutes after that was paddling her down the lake in her own canoe.

"He is certainly the awfult boy!" commented the astonished young man who had been shanghaied into performing the introduction.

In the three days of that week which Teddy passed at the lake he kept up the same speed, much to the disgust of the other young men who admired Marjorie. He danced, swam, rowed and walked with her and did them all equally well. When he left everything said that it looked like an awful attack of the real thing on both sides. Hereafter Marjorie had always distributed her favors, but she had seemed quite content to be with Teddy.

Then the next week-end Teddy and his brother Bert came down together. To the amazement of the rowing club brigade which had picked out the little Summers girl to pair off with Bert, the brothers both shadowed Marjorie.

The slight edge on his temper from which Teddy suffered as a result of Marjorie's cruel treatment of him aided him in sterner forgetting her. In the three days in which he escorted the Summers girl about he learned to look at Marjorie, now smiling beguilingly into Bert's eyes with an utterly cold and impersonal gaze.

All the way back to Chicago Teddy listened grimly to Bert's rhapsody on Marjorie. When they both returned for the next week-end, accompanied by their mutual friend Joe, who was

six feet tall and romantically dark, Teddy kept grinning to himself in a sly manner, which irritated the other two vastly, especially as he declined to explain. "There's Marjorie," the infuriated Bert cried, as the steamer neared the dock. "She said she'd meet me."

He indicated her to Joe with all the repressed pride of one on the inside track. Marjorie had on something pale yellow and fluffy and Joe was visibly struck dumb.

"Geel," he breathed at last, when he had partially recovered. "Say, she's a winner!"

"I'll introduce you," promised Bert, kindly.

That evening at the hop in the hotel Joe danced with Marjorie six times, hour and otherwise obliterated Bert from the landscape.

"You will bring over your good looking friends with you, will you?" inquired the highly gratified Teddy of his disgruntled brother.

Time had aided him in getting over his own violent attack and subsequent betrayal and the little Summers girl was looking extremely pretty that evening.

"I believe you cut it out!" was the sharp reply. Bert's wound was fresh and he was strongly irritated. He was at the point where rage and jealousy and no prize were warring violently with no odds. "Joe's doing it on purpose."

"And Marjorie is letting him," reminded Teddy. Revenge sometimes is sweet.

"I believe you won't," said Teddy, firmly. "There's a perfectly good looking bunch of girls sitting over in that corner and you go pick one out and leave my girl alone."

Luck favored the abandoned young man and as Bert, with a dream of a Gibson girl on his arm, walked by Joe and the treacherous Marjorie he held his head high.

Marjorie's house guest's brother from the east arrived the following day and naturally as hostess she had to transfer her attention to him, who fancied that he had much such headway the evening before.

"Marjorie," explained Bert to him, seriously. "I'm mighty pretty, but she's divided her mind between me and myself. Pick out the steady sort of girl, and you'd have someone to go around with up here." He departed with a great show of haste to where the Gibson girl smilingly awaited him.

Teddy grinned after him. Then he turned the grin on the forlorn Joe. "Cheer up!" he said. "You'll feel better next time you come. Why, just look at Bert and me. Excuse me, I'm going walking with Daisy Summers."—Chicago News.

PERSONS TALKED ABOUT

Daniel T. Ames, who had won national prominence as a handwriting expert, and who had been retained in many celebrated cases, both in the east and in California, died at his home in that state recently.

Miss Evelyn Mitchell, one of the youngest women scientists in the United States, who is now doing important work for the government at the Smithsonian institution, is preparing to write a book on gnats.

Col. John B. Rodman, retired, son of Gen. Rodman, inventor of the Rodman gun, died in San Francisco of a wound received at Salinas while serving as the Twelfth United States regiment.

Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, admiral of the fleet, G. O. B. O. M. G. C. Q. O., K. C. B., will be sent to this country by King Edward in command of the British squadron that will take part in the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

Miss Bertha Shafer is the manager of a theater in Dusseldorf, and has recently translated "The Merry Widow" Remarried, originally written in German. She has been visiting in this country and is very successful in the theater business.

Not for Building Purposes. Concrete democracy: Mr. Bryan and Senator Bailey.—Charleston News and Courier.

Man for the Job. W. J. Bryan has so far not had the nomination for manager of the Washington baseball club thrust upon him.—Washington Post.

Has Plenty of Company. Mr. Wellman will be home about in time to merge his excursion with those of the managers of the losing baseball teams.

Tillman's Mistake. Mr. Tillman says Taft is the "tool of a great machine." Looks like the motor at this distance.—Atlanta Constitution.

Feels Better Now. Uncle Joe's unparelleled sin was in depriving Fowler of a chairmanship. Fowler found relief, but little satisfaction, in words.—Nashville American.

The Special Need. Throughout the country there is a clamor for more laws. Some people seem to think that when an evil appears all that is to be done is to "make a law." It isn't more law that is needed. It is more of the law-abiding spirit in the people that make the laws for themselves.—Boston Herald.

Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold. STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm well and truly owned and controlled by him.

Sole and exclusive agents for the sale of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testings.

P. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Narrow Escape. Edgar N. Baylies, a merchant of Robinsville, Del., wrote: "About two years ago I was thin and sick, and coughed a good deal, and if I did not have consumption, it was near to it. I commenced using Foley's Honey and Tar, and it stopped my cough, and I am now entirely well, and have gained twenty-eight pounds, all due to the good results from taking Foley's Honey and Tar." The Lee & Osgood Co.

A Hurry Up Call. Quick! Mr. Druggist—Quick! A box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve—Here's a quarter—for the love of Moses, hurry! Baby's burned himself terribly—Join him cut his foot with the axe—Mamie's scalded—Pa can't walk—from pills—Billie has boils and his cow's scabs. She got it and soon cured all the family. It's the greatest healer on earth. Sold by The Lee & Osgood Co.

PIMPLES And Blackheads Prevented and Cured by Cuticura.

Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, but do not rub. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Repeat morning and evening. At other times use hot water and Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as necessary. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are the world's favorites for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, and for itching, burning skin eruptions, as well as for the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Individuality Is What Counts In Photography.

Bringing out the real personality, the fine points in character, the little traits that make us what we are. Toned down by the natural spirit of an artist into perfect accord. Not a thing of paper and pasteboard with a ready-made look.

If you want a photo of your real self, or what your friends see to love and admire, call on

LAUGHTON, The Photographer, opposite Norwich Savings Society. aug18d

Carriage and Automobile Painting and Trimming

Carriage and Wagon Work of all kinds. Anything on wheels built to order.

PRICES AND WORK RIGHT.

The Scott & Clark CORPORATION, 507-515 North Main Street. apr18d

Orders taken for all kinds of Hair Goods.

Your own Combs made up. Hair Ornaments, Toilet Requisites, Chiropody, Manicuring, Shampooing, Face and Scalp Massage.

Fannie M. Gibson ROOM 30, CENTRAL BLDG. Tel. 105 may28d

There is no advertising medium in Eastern Connecticut equal to The Bulletin for business results.

DON'T WORRY; It Makes Wrinkles.

Worry over ill-health does you health no good, and merely causes wrinkles that make you look older than you are.

If you are sick, don't worry, but do about it to make yourself well. To do this we repeat the words of thousands of other former sufferers from womanly ills, similar to yours, when we say,

Take Viburn-O.

It is a wonderful female remedy, as you will admit if you try it. Directions for its use are printed in six languages with every bottle. Price \$1.25 at druggists.

FRANCO-GERMAN CHEMICAL CO. 101 West 112th Street, New York. mar18d

There is no advertising medium in Eastern Connecticut equal to The Bulletin for business results.

Do It Now

Have that old-fashioned, unsanitary plumbing replaced by new and modern open plumbing. It will repay you in the increase of health and saving of doctor's bills. Overhauling and re-setting thoroughly done. Let me give you a figure for replacing all the old plumbing with the modern kind that will keep out the sewer gas. The work will be first-class and the price reasonable.

J. E. TOMPKINS, aug18d 67 West Main Street.

Fresh Variety Fish

Porgies, Swordfish, Steak Cod, Bluefish, Weakfish, Flounders, Blackfish, Round Chams, Lobsters, all at low prices. Everything in Sea Food in its season.

W. M. ROBINSON, aug27d 32 Water St.

There is no advertising medium in Eastern Connecticut equal to The Bulletin for business results.

William Travers Jerome says he will run his office once more, but he does not say, "just once more."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Brand is Well Known. Mr. Cannon's criticisms of his critics hardly read so well as he thinks they sound. His profanity is already over-advertised.—Boston Transcript.

Real Roosevelt Policy. By hunting by himself He does not have to divide his game nor the \$1 a word He gets for describing His shots.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

In for a Long Rest. Eugene Debs informs a Massachusetts audience that it rests with the people whether he shall be president or not. He might have added that it will rest there for a long time.—Kansas City Journal.

That evening at the hop in the hotel Joe danced with Marjorie six times, hour and otherwise obliterated Bert from the landscape.

"You will bring over your good looking friends with you, will you?" inquired the highly gratified Teddy of his disgruntled brother.

Time had aided him in getting over his own violent attack and subsequent betrayal and the little Summers girl was looking extremely pretty that evening.

"I believe you cut it out!" was the sharp reply. Bert's wound was fresh and he was strongly irritated. He was at the point where rage and jealousy and no prize were warring violently with no odds. "Joe's doing it on purpose."

"And Marjorie is letting him," reminded Teddy. Revenge sometimes is sweet.

"I believe you won't," said Teddy, firmly. "There's a perfectly good looking bunch of girls sitting over in that corner and you go pick one out and leave my girl alone."

Luck favored the abandoned young man and as Bert, with a dream of a Gibson girl on his arm, walked by Joe and the treacherous Marjorie he held his head high.

Marjorie's house guest's brother from the east arrived the following day and naturally as hostess she had to transfer her attention to him, who fancied that he had much such headway the evening before.

"Marjorie," explained Bert to him, seriously. "I'm mighty pretty, but she's divided her mind between me and myself. Pick out the steady sort of girl, and you'd have someone to go around with up here." He departed with a great show of haste to where the Gibson girl smilingly awaited him.

Teddy grinned after him. Then he turned the grin on the forlorn Joe. "Cheer up!" he said. "You'll feel better next time you come. Why, just look at Bert and me. Excuse me, I'm going walking with Daisy Summers."—Chicago News.

Marjorie was a pretty girl. Now, just as water runs down hill unalterably, so will pretty girls be discovered by wandering youths, and Teddy was extremely bored with life, anyway, when his eyes first fell upon her. Therefore, his case was extremely severe.

He grabbed the young man just coming out of the door of the summer hotel and almost choked, such was his emotion. "Who is he? Who is he?" he cried. "That's Marjorie Whitcomb," said the detained young man. "She lives farther down the lake."

"Well, she can have me," said Teddy, as he watched her approach the hotel.

That was the acme of praise from him. He straightened his tie nervously as he passed him. There was a good deal of excuse for his excitement. Marjorie Whitcomb had curly, butter-colored hair, brown eyes with evenly penciled brows, a complexion that defied tan and sunburn. Moreover, she walked like a young goddess and, as a goddess, was not to be trifled with.

Fifteen minutes later Teddy was bowing before her and ten minutes after that was paddling her down the lake in her own canoe.

"He is certainly the awfult boy!" commented the astonished young man who had been shanghaied into performing the introduction.

In the three days of that week which Teddy passed at the lake he kept up the same speed, much to the disgust of the other young men who admired Marjorie. He danced, swam, rowed and walked with her and did them all equally well. When he left everything said that it looked like an awful attack of the real thing on both sides. Hereafter Marjorie had always distributed her favors, but she had seemed quite content to be with Teddy.

Then the next week-end Teddy and his brother Bert came down together. To the amazement of the rowing club brigade which had picked out the little Summers girl to pair off with Bert, the brothers both shadowed Marjorie.

The slight edge on his temper from which Teddy suffered as a result of Marjorie's cruel treatment of him aided him in sterner forgetting her. In the three days in which he escorted the Summers girl about he learned to look at Marjorie, now smiling beguilingly into Bert's eyes with an utterly cold and impersonal gaze.

All the way back to Chicago Teddy listened grimly to Bert's rhapsody on Marjorie. When they both returned for the next week-end, accompanied by their mutual friend Joe, who was

six feet tall and romantically dark, Teddy kept grinning to himself in a sly manner, which irritated the other two vastly, especially as he declined to explain. "There's Marjorie," the infuriated Bert cried, as the steamer neared the dock. "She said she'd meet me."

He indicated her to Joe with all the repressed pride of one on the inside track. Marjorie had on something pale yellow and fluffy and Joe was visibly struck dumb.

"Geel," he breathed at last, when he had partially recovered. "Say, she's a winner!"

"I'll introduce you," promised Bert, kindly.

That evening at the hop in the hotel Joe danced with Marjorie six times, hour and otherwise obliterated Bert from the landscape.

"You will bring over your good looking friends with you, will you?" inquired the highly gratified Teddy of his disgruntled brother.

Time had aided him in getting over his own violent attack and subsequent betrayal and the little Summers girl was looking extremely pretty that evening.

"I believe you cut it out!" was the sharp reply. Bert's wound was fresh and he was strongly irritated. He was at the point where rage and jealousy and no prize were warring violently with no odds. "Joe's doing it on purpose."

"And Marjorie is letting him," reminded Teddy. Revenge sometimes is sweet.

"I believe you won't," said Teddy, firmly. "There's a perfectly good looking bunch of girls sitting over in that corner and you go pick one out and leave my girl alone."

Luck favored the abandoned young man and as Bert, with a dream of a Gibson girl on his arm, walked by Joe and the treacherous Marjorie he held his head high.

Marjorie's house guest's brother from the east arrived the following day and naturally as hostess she had to transfer her attention to him, who fancied that he had much such headway the evening before.

"Marjorie," explained Bert to him, seriously. "I'm mighty pretty, but she's divided her mind between me and myself. Pick out the steady sort of girl, and you'd have someone to go around with up here." He departed with a great show of haste to where the Gibson girl smilingly awaited him.</